# The Commonweal

*January 25, 1952*


## A Young Republican's View

*William F. Buckley, Jr.*

## A Young Democrat's View

*Donald Mc Donald*

ROBERT BARRAT • JOE DEVER • JOHN FREDERICK NIMS
PAUL V. FARRELL • RICHARD HAYES


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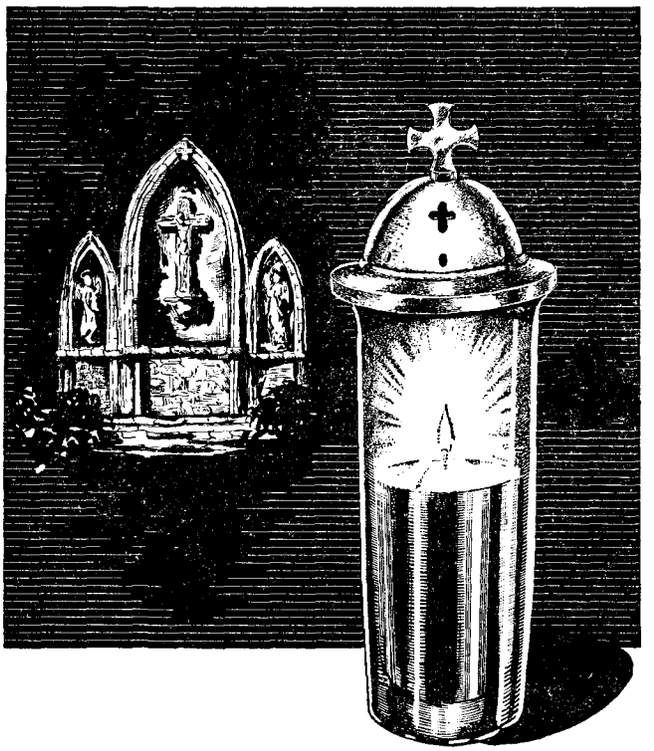

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The Commonweal

## WEEK BY WEEK

### *Next Move?*

WHEN the Korean truce talks began, one of the risks this country accepted was that an armistice would free Chinese troops for a plunge into Southeast Asia. After six months of footless parleying the Chinese Communist negotiators are demeaning themselves more and more threateningly; the Korean war is starting up again. But fears for Southeast Asia are even more vehement. Has the Mao regime now reached a position where it can more readily extend itself; has the Soviet Union decided to intervene more actively in Chinese expansion? In any case, the French in Indo-China are extremely apprehensive.

The new invasion threat to Indo-China is supposed to be the most urgent of the many items that were on the agenda for the Churchill visit. It may well be that the Anglo-American agreement to stand together in Asia was the most important of the decisions taken.

There seems to be no argument about the fact that Indo-China comprises the gateway to the tin, oil and rubber of Malaya and the Indies—besides serving in its own right as a principal source of rice for Asia's millions. To the South across a narrow strait lies Indonesia with her vast production of strategic raw materials and a new and shaky government. Next door is Burma, another highly unstable political set-up, and beyond that the great subcontinent of India. The stakes are immense.

Defending the line against the Chinese Communists from the North, and the Vietminh guerrillas that attack from all directions, is an army of French and French colonials variously estimated at from 190,000 to 350,000 men. It is admitted on all sides that this force has its hands full now simply standing off the Indo-Chinese Communists; it would be unequal to stemming a mass invasion from the North. The French would need both arms and reinforcements on a major scale.

Where would additional troops come from? Hardly from France, Britain or the United States, all of whom have no sizable body of available troops. There is some talk of contingents from Australia and New Zealand, but they could hardly be considered seriously as an offset to Chinese manpower. American arms and planes so far shipped to the French forces in considerable numbers have not succeeded in putting even the native Vietminh on the defensive; weather, jungles and guerrilla tactics would limit the effectiveness of increased air and naval action.

Only one source of manpower remains: the Vietnamese, or Indo-Chinese, themselves. For very few of them have rallied to the French colors.

If several hundred thousand Chinese Communists massed on the northern border embody a threat to all Southeast Asia, it is partially because the French effort to hold a highly productive colony has alienated the Vietnamese people. What looks to us like the defense of a big chunk of the world's raw materials coveted by an expansive Soviet Union appears to the people of Indo-China as a desperate attempt to keep them in old-style colonial subjection.

With the death of General de Lattre the French find themselves in an even weaker position. But it has been impossible all along to perpetuate French rule against the wishes of the people. The Vietnamese, who consider the Chinese traditional enemies, must have something to fight for—and arms to fight with. For the native unrest throughout Southeast Asia beckons the Chinese Communists to walk right in and seize a tremendous prize.

Standing together, the British and Americans must now call the turn on the defense of Indo-China. We must insist on imminent independence for Vietnam and the building up of a well-



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equipped, genuinely national defense force. If only it were not so late. Without full-fledged native participation, the unified defense plan which has been proposed for Southeast Asia will not save the situation.

### *Curious Boom*

ONE explanation for the fact that returning American visitors have been none too elated by what they have found in Germany lately, despite marked economic recovery, is provided by Edwin Hartrich in the New York *Herald Tribune*. He reports that the Germans' new-found and spiraling prosperity is born of desperation. As there is no confidence in savings accounts, insurance policies or the maintenance of peace, most people are spending as fast as they earn—for things useful and valuable now or after trouble comes.

The tenacious demand for consumers goods within Germany and the new markets she has acquired in Western Europe at British and French expense keep the wheels of her industries whirling at an unprecedented clip. The index of production is forty percent higher than it was in 1936.

There are several strange aspects to this unforeseen business boom. As its dominant feeling is one of impermanence, investors and executives feel they must get at least a 25 percent annual return; that they had better make money while they can. Potential armament makers, conscious of the proximity of the Russians, refuse to make anything more "provocative" than radios, trucks and chemicals. Again the object is to make a quick and substantial profit as long as this is possible.

What is the connection, if any, between this report and popular support for the ratification of Germany's participation in the Schuman Plan, which would unite and integrate the coal and steel industries of Western Europe? Spending as fast as they earn has enabled the Germans to pyramid their industrial activity; the Schuman Plan will provide new capital that will enable them to modernize their heavy industry.

Otherwise the present boom and the prospect of European economic cooperation are poles apart. One is motivated by large short-term profits, the other by long-range coordination of a stable sort. One reflects obsession with past trials and present threats to basic security; the other manifests a certain confidence in the future —or at least a willingness to undertake a well-conceived continental program. The first springs from fear of imminent war; the second envisages, and makes more certain, a long period of peaceful human activity.

At the moment the first of these tendencies appears ascendant in Germany. Moreover, many months will be required before the operations contemplated in the Schuman Plan actually come to be. Another battle against time appears to be in progress. The object during the transition period is not to transform the Germans into willing armament makers. It is rather to instill them with confidence. If we are able to do that while German economic activity continues at a high level, Western Europe will rest on a more stable foundation.

### *The Bowles Mission*

OUR ambassador at New Delhi has been back in Washington for a few days in an effort to procure the sort of aid that will enable India to take some real strides forward. From the moment of his arrival at this important post Chester Bowles seems to have made a deep impression. The modesty of his way of living there and the presence of his three children in the local public school have won the sympathy of the people of India.

Mr. Bowles has also proved alert and energetic in advancing their welfare. It was on his initiative that the United States recently granted India $50 million under the Technical Cooperation Administration. He is gratified about that but is convinced that the sum is insufficient. Mr. Bowles likewise feels that to set India on her feet will require somewhat more extensive aid for four consecutive years.

Accordingly he would advocate a four-year assistance program totaling in all $300 million or less. Much of this he would disburse through some fifty key agricultural centers. For one of the things India needs most is to increase her food production materially.

Here would seem to be a supreme test case. Even without the very present threat of Communism the disparity between living standards which exists between the United States and such impoverished lands as India could not be permitted to continue if there were to be peace—not to speak of justice—in the world.

If the American people mean what their representatives say about raising living standards in the world and if we really support the objectives of the admirable Point IV program, we shall



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never have a better chance to prove it.

As Mr. Bowles says, such aid "must be given with full knowledge that no one can ever buy India's loyalty for money." Rather it would be a demonstration that we realize that "we have a common stake with India in democracy." It is expecting a lot, but with some supporting agitation on the part of the voting public, our ambassador to India may be able to convince certain leaders in Congress how much the sort of Point IV aid he has in view for that great subcontinent will accomplish now and in succeeding years.

## *A Common Enemy?*

IN this issue we are presenting the views of two young writers—a Republican and a Democrat—on their political hopes for the immediate future. Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr., in his article proposes a fundamental question when he says the time is here to take the measurement of the State itself. Mr. Buckley himself, in the words of Herbert Spencer, describes the State as having been "begotten of aggression and by aggression." With H. L. Mencken, he regards it as "the common enemy of well-disposed, industrious and decent men."

The Spencer-Mencken-Buckley view is shared, more or less, by many Americans. Last year Dr. Clarence Manion, then Dean of the College of Law of the University of Notre Dame, wrote in his book *The Key to Peace*: "In a community of saints the Moral Law would be the only law needed to provide such a community with perfect peace, complete order and universal justice. It is only when such a community is invaded by amoral and immoral people, or when some of the saints fall from grace, that man-made regulations are required to hold the immoral or amoral elements in line."

In another book written by a Catholic political philosopher, Dr. Yves Simon, which appeared soon after *The Key to Peace,* this question was gone into at some length. Dr. Simon in *The Philosophy of Democratic Government* cites two authorities, among others, who seem to take a view in opposition to the "aggression" theory.

Saint Thomas Aquinas ("On the Governance of Rulers") wrote: "The light of reason is placed by nature in every man, to guide him in his acts toward his end. Were man intended to live alone, as many animals do, he would require no other guide to his end. Then would each man be a king unto himself. . . . It is natural for man to be a social and political animal, to live in a group, even more than all other animals, as the very needs of his nature indicate. . . . If therefore, is natural for man to live in the society of many, it is necessary that there exist among men some means by which the groups may be governed. For where there are many people together, and each one is looking after his own interests, the group would be broken up and scattered unless there were also someone to take care of what pertains to the common weal. . . . There must exist something which impels toward the common good of the many, over and above that which impels toward the private good of each individual."

Pope Leo XIII ("Immortale Dei") wrote: "Man's natural instinct moves him to live in civil society, for he cannot, if dwelling apart, provide himself with the necessary requirements of life, nor procure the means of developing his mental and moral faculties. Hence it is divinely ordered that he should lead his life—be it family, social or civil—with his fellow men, amongst whom alone his several wants can be adequately supplied. But as no society can be held together unless someone be over all, directing all to strive earnestly for the common good, every civilized community must have a ruling authority, and this authority, no less than society itself, has its source in nature, and has, consequently, God for its author."

Traditionally, there is in this country a healthy suspicion of excessive State authority. In an age of totalitarian monsters and expanding State paternalism it is natural enough that the suspicion be given new accent. But to keep ourselves from falling in the opposite extreme of individualism, it is necessary to know just what our notion of governmental authority is built on. The essential note would seem to be rightfully placed on the requirements of the common good rather than on the necessary coercive aspects of the State—the "aggression" theory.

To end these quote-laden paragraphs appropriately, we repeat what Representative Eugene McCarthy wrote here some months ago: "In the 20th Century the State has been, in reality, a great threat to human freedom. The temptation is to condemn the State, to accept the idea that it is either evil in itself, in which case we must make unceasing war on it, or the notion that it is the consequent of evil, which we must tolerate as we do pain and sickness. We must not succumb to the temptation of the age to reject the natural, as in centuries past the supernatural was rejected."



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# *Down the Long Nose*

ONE does not have to wander far in Europe before realizing that all roads lead to Rome—or at least that they lead back to Rome. Everywhere the historic, or traditional, or merely ancient tells the story of the Christian past. It is found in art, song and architecture, in ceremony and custom, in the very speech heard on the streets.

And because American culture, at least in its basic outlines, is an extension and an adaptation of European, the same is true here, though to a lesser degree. When our fathers came to this continent they brought Europe with them. No American can be wholly a stranger in Europe, because he knows, if he thinks at all, that he has really come home. And no American, like no European, can be total stranger to Christianity because, willy-nilly, its presence is still found in the very air he breathes. Basically, even today, the West is the Christian West.

Now when one says that European culture is basically Christian he means that it was built on a faith, a belief and a conviction that the story of Christ is true. The men of Europe did not build their cathedrals to honor what they believed was mere myth. The law, the customs and the ideals of the West were not an exaltation of Christ's teachings because they came from an heroic historic figure or a towering human genius but because they came from a Man who claimed to be God, and generation after generation of Europeans believed it was so.

Today, in Europe and America, there are many who no longer believe. They have inherited the culture of Christianity without the creed. For them the cathedrals are museums and the belief that built them superstitions. Christmas and Easter are mere holidays, not holy days. Curses and profanity are habits of speech, not perverse acts of faith. These men are convinced that the ideas, rather the one basic Idea which moved Western Man for more than a thousand years was only a gentle myth. That is the way it is with many today, and so be it—this is not the place or the way to convert them to belief.

But it is the place to remind them that there are millions of their fellow men, even today, who still believe that it is all true, who can kneel in the places where the medievals knelt and with the same conviction repeat the same Credo. We can ask them, in the name of respect for others, to accept the conviction of Christians as a fact in the modern world, however improbable such faith may seem to them. We can ask them, specifically, that when they choose to write of Catholics and their Church that they build on this fact and not write as if everyone else shared their own disbelief but was a bit more cynical or ambitious or fearful than they.

This does not seem to be too much to ask, but if it were to be done such things as the following three items which appeared in the press last week would not have been written as they were.

> 1. Knowledge we have, but courage to use it is in great centers of power lacking. Sacerdotal power fears divine punishment for turning "natural law" to biological beneficence, and Soviet power fears vengeance unless it can spawn hordes to cover its constantly cultivated enmity.—T. V. Smith in a review of a Bertrand Russell book in the N. Y. *Times Book Review.*
>
> 2. In his address to the World Congress of the Lay Apostolate the Pope stressed that all Catholic Action groups must become like their prototypes in Italy, an instrument to help the clergy further the policy of the Church.—Marcus Cato in "The Vatican Global Strategy," the *Nation.*
>
> 3. Harsh pre-Christmas denunciations of Le Père Noël, or Santa Claus, were made by [several French Bishops]. These powerful prelates, who apparently resent Santa Claus as a popular Canton-flannel lay [sic] competitor of the Church's classically costumed Nativity figures. . . .—Genêt in the *New Yorker.*

For Mr. Smith, the Catholic's insistence on obedience to what he believes is the law of God Almighty may be as senseless and meaningless and psychotic as the Soviet government's pathological fear of freedom. All right, Mr. Smith feels that way. But it is worth discussing. Given his belief in God, the Catholic's position is not wholly unreasonable, and I think Mr. Smith has no right to strike the psychiatrist pose so readily, as if everyone else were as convinced as he that the faith of the ages amounts to no more than priestcraft and merely awaits an analysis of the psychosis involved.

Signor Cato treats the idea of a Christian lay apostolate not as a religious phenomenon but as another bid for political power on the part of clergy charged with carrying out the Church's "policy" in the "Vatican's global strategy." This may come as a surprise to those familiar with the literature on Catholic Action, undoubtedly also to the delegates to the Congress who heard the Pope speak, as well as to those who read the address in American Catholic papers. But the context, the tired semantics of the article and the narrowness of the view fit snugly into the *Nation.* So what does it matter what the Pope meant or what those who heard him speak understood him to mean!

The Child in the manger, the Virgin-Mother, Saint Joseph—the whole Christmas story is reduced, in Genêt's snide phrasing, to "classically costumed Nativity figures," Church-sponsored competitors of Santa Claus. The French prelates' concern for putting the emphasis back on the reality of the occasion rather than on popular folklore is treated as a "competition" between myths, with no more significance, even to them, than the Macy-Gimbels struggle!

Mr. T. V. Smith may be very emancipated indeed, and Signor Cato may be a shrewd political observer, and Genêt is surely a very sophisticated lady. But it seems to me that last week all three were very arrogant. Each of them attempted, by a turn of phrase or choice of words, to deal with Christian affairs as if even Christians no longer believe in Christ—a colossal assumption and an insulting one.

JOHN COGLEY.



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A YOUNG REPUBLICAN

# *The Party and the Deep Blue Sea*

## "Ideally, the Republican Platform should acknowledge a domestic enemy, the State."

By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

TWO thousand words are mine to give "... an appraisal of the Republican Party as it is today, what it stands for, and what changes might be expected if it were swept into office next year." In a word, it is in sorry shape; it stands, though with overtones of reluctance, for a continued transfer of social power into the hands of the State; changes would be few, and yet such changes as there would be are desirable.

Albert Jay Nock once wrote in *Our Enemy the State* that the average American is the most unphilosophical of persons, that "Mr. Jefferson Brick, General Choke and the Honourable Elijah Pogram made a first-class job of indoctrinating their countrymen with the idea that a philosophy is wholly unnecessary, and that a concern with the theory of things is effeminate and unbecoming." Mr. Nock sums up American political adolescence by suggesting that Michel Chevalier properly tagged us, even though he wrote a hundred years ago, as having the "morale of an army on the march."

As witness to this, of course, is our lack of purposive, three-dimensional thinking about the nature of the State. Reflecting this void, our two major political parties have painfully constructed an ephemeral battle line dividing two almost identical streams of superficial thought about the proper role of the State in a free society. It is perhaps due in part to our frantic preoccupation with the trivia that separate the 1952 Republican from the 1952 Democrat that we do tragic little thinking about the genus State, which many of us still believe, along with Herbert Spencer, to be "begotten of aggression and by aggression," and which many of us still regard, along with Henry Mencken, as "the common enemy of all well-disposed, industrious, and decent men."

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THUS, the most striking feature of the coming elections, and certainly the one that will most puzzle future students of our history, is that in 1952 no American citizen had an opportunity forthrightly to reject the ideology of the Leviathan State. The pretensions of the Republican Party to offering a significant alternative to Statism are palpably unconvincing.

They are not, of course, to be measured by Republican compliance with the extensive and productive tax laws that are needed to support a vigorous anti-Communist foreign policy. The indices of the Republican attitude towards a free society are seen in far less spectacular items than ECA aid or a 50-billion dollar defense budget, and yet they are seen in far more meaningful terms. For the "opposition" party today countenances all the important hallmarks of political and economic centralization: managed currency, egalitarian fiscal policies, federal minimum wage laws, federal social security, federal subsidization of favored classes, institutions and special interests, and the withering away of state boundaries.

The question that hotly follows is why. Why does the Opposition Party refuse to offer a genuine opposition? At this juncture the Statists leap to their most favorite answer to the query. They tell us that the anarchistic, uncivilized, uncharitable rugged individualism associated with the pre-Roosevelt era is forever discredited by the American people. The social revolution of the New Deal is a *fait accompli* and no political party could rally any enthusiasm in 1952 for a genuinely anti-Statist program.

My own diagnosis does not totally contradict this one. To begin with, I see the issue primarily as one of freedom or non-freedom. To the extent that a fraction of the individual's time, which we will for convenience equate with his earnings, is *a priori* mortgaged to the government and against his will, then he is to that same extent not free. Since there is no money except the individual's money, and since his money represents his labor or his savings or the produce of his tools, the assessment of that money by the State represents a direct levy on that individual's freedom. Now, if it is true, as the Liberals would have it, that the Republican Party could not

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Mr. Buckley is the author of "God and Man at Yale."



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evoke any support for a program that calls for extracting from the individual *only* that money necessary to carry on the minimum functions of government (loosely, defense, courts, and conservation), then it must follow that the American people no longer value maximum individual freedom.

Now this may well be the case. Most human beings respond to education, and freedom has been depreciated in the nation's schools for some years now. The responsibility of the State to regulate and nourish individual lives is not only acknowledged, but eloquently and insistently affirmed by an increasing number of the most efficacious of influence-molders: the teachers.

And yet, there has been no dramatic showdown. There is no tangible proof that the Republican Party would indeed fail to win over the people to a platform of freedom. And even if it should fail, it would have succeeded in alerting the people to the fact that there still exists, in theory at least, an alternative to State Paternalism. And this would seem to be a noble enough and a traditional service for a political party whose birth and early success grew out of its refusal to condone human slavery.

One thing we know: in the past we have temporized with collectivism, and we have lost. And after the campaigns were over, we were left not with the exhilaration and pride of having done our best to restore freedom, but with the sickening humiliation of having failed to seduce the American people because we were pitted against a more glib, a more extravagant, a more experienced gigolo.

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THERE is perhaps a more decisive reason why the Republican Party will not seriously oppose the Democrats, and here we return to the indictment of Mr. Nock against the American people. It may be that because we exhibit the morale of an army on the march it is a fair deduction that we cannot understand the nature of the State, the irreconcilability between individual freedom and State-sponsored security; and perhaps because of this endemic inability to "see things as they are," we feel we can have our cake and eat it too.

Perhaps our plight is even worse than our inability to think through the implications of federal social security, the implications of Big Government. Perhaps our trouble is that we don't think about it *at all*. There is disturbing evidence that this is our Number One national problem, and one which the Republican Party, at least, is doing very little to alleviate, for it refuses even to raise the issue.

The objection arises that such apathy hardly squares with the widespread tension and excitement—even today, more than half a year before the national elections—over which of the two parties will wield the mace after next November. After all, the nation's editors and columnists are greeting the pre-election season like a bridge club would the divorce of its president. They linger over tid-bit details, they fabricate and circularize them, and they dress them up in all sorts of fanciful costumes as they solemnly contemplate a) who will be nominated, and b) who will win.

But the sense of such activity is gone when the spotlight refuses to train on political platforms, focusing instead on political personalities. National politics have become so remote, so unresponsive, that the basic and all-important unit of society—the individual—feels powerless to assert himself, even assuming he wished to do so.

The result, of course, is a battle for power waged by towering political personalities who are bored by issues, who are afraid to stand or fall on competing political ideologies. Thus there is less and less thought about grave issues of policy, and more and more attention to dramatis personae. There is no more flamboyant example of this than the suggestion by Senator Claude Pepper, at the Democratic Convention of 1948, that Eisenhower be nominated by acclamation and that he be allowed to write his own platform!

Given, then, our preoccupation with species as against genus, it is perhaps inevitable that the forthcoming election, no matter who wins it, will make little difference to the azimuth of our national parade.

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THE most important issue of the day, it is time to admit it, is survival. Here there is apparently some confusion in the ranks of conservatives, and hard thinking is in order for them. The thus-far invincible aggressiveness of the Soviet Union does or does not constitute a threat to the security of the United States, and we have got to decide which. If it does, we shall have to rearrange, sensibly, our battle plans; and this means that we have got to accept Big Government for the duration—for neither an offensive nor a defensive war can be waged, given our present government skills, except through the instrument of a totalitarian bureaucracy within



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our shores. The question is raised: does it make a great deal of difference if we lose our freedom to a Georgian bandit or to a Missouri ignoramus? The question is a good one.

Still and all, our chances of ultimate victory against an indigenous bureaucracy are far greater than they could ever be against one controlled from abroad, one that would be nourished and protected by a world-wide Communist monolith.

Thus, many conservatives, and many Republicans, have got to think this problem through. And if they deem Soviet power a menace to our freedom (as I happen to), they will have to support large armies and air forces, atomic energy, central intelligence, war production boards and the attendant centralization of power in Washington—even with Truman at the reins of it all.

This, of course, does not argue that there should be bipartisanship in the means of foreign policy, resignation to excessive government waste and dishonesty, or, especially, any diminution of our effort to alert the American people to the horrors of welfarism. That campaign can never end, and we cannot repeat too often Jefferson's infallible axiom: "The government can only do something *for* the people in proportion as it can do something *to* the people"—adding, out of the insight garnered from a turbulent and revealing post-Jeffersonian chapter in world history, "and as it most certainly *will* do something to the people."

We must repeat this truism as often as Roosevelt repeated his promises to keep us out of war. Only then might the people believe it.

But with the publication of Senator Taft's book on foreign policy, few people harbor any suspicions that a Republican Administration would refuse vigorously to prosecute an effective and single-minded anti-Soviet foreign policy. Thus on the most important tactical issue of the day, the qualifications of the Republicans and the Democrats are roughly even, except that the odds are slightly in favor of the party that would not be hamstrung by obstinate and unreasoned allegiance to policies and figures responsible for blatant errors of the past.

The second issue of the campaign, the strategic issue, will not be raised, as I have indicated. Ideally, the Republican platform should acknowledge a domestic enemy, the State. The Republicans will unquestionably indulge again in their unprepossessing routine of litanies about the desirability of individualism and the evils of collectivism; and indeed, even desultory opposition to at least the most adventurous demands of the Fair Deal makes the GOP, in my mind, the sounder national choice.

Yet, assuming a Republican victory, there is little reason to hope to stratify the government even where it is; any such hope is fast dissipated if we review the Party's record of assimilating, one by one, the articles of the New Deal.

The history of the GOP over the past fifteen years gives evidence of disheartening, though unsuccessful, opportunism. What were once the most dramatic and bitterly contested innovations of the New Deal—the cited managed currency, egalitarian tax policies, minimum wage laws, civil rights legislation, labor monopolies, and social security—now seem to be indelibly sketched into the "opposition" platform.

It appears to be the new historic destiny of the Republican Party to accept the Democratic platform, less a token constant. To that end, for example, Truman calls for national health measures and the Brannan plan, and the Republicans oppose them. But there is no indication that the organic relationship between the two parties is due for a change. In 1956 we may well see the Republican platform approving the health and farm measures, but violently disputing the Democrats' call for national ownership of steel, railroads and coal. The election of 1980 may well be fought over the issue whether any American has the right to criticize the party in power; and the Big Issue of 1984 might center on whether there shall be an election in 1988.

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TO CONCLUDE, a sensible attitude towards the Republican Party (for those who don't feel they have "to be with history if history is leading them into an abyss") would be to insist that it declare for substantive policy alternatives, to reflect the passions of that unknown but perhaps formidable number of persons who want to vote for the free marketplace but don't know where to go to do it.

Thus ,the Republican Party should repudiate the inroads that have been made over the past years into individual freedom. But since the Republican Party will do no such thing, or at least gives no evidence that it contemplates doing any such thing, the election loses much of its interest and all its claims to an exercise of political democracy. Still and all, reason calls for Republican victory—if only to record a lack of faith in Harry Truman, suspicion of accelerated Statism, and the clean and human desire to see new names and faces in the headlines every morning.



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A YOUNG DEMOCRAT

# *The Time for All Good Men*

## If the Democrats will remove corruption as an issue and Truman will remove himself . . .

By DONALD McDONALD

I CHERISH but two hopes for the Democratic Party. First, that it will remove political corruption as an issue in the forthcoming campaign. Second, that President Truman will remove himself as a candidate. If these two steps are taken, and it is Mr. Truman who must take them, the next four years will belong to the Democrats.

The Republicans have been out of office so long they have come to identify themselves as the party of political virtue. And that is one reason why the Democrats must tidy their political house before the July conventions. It would be a matter of national regret were the American voters forced to choose between Democratic "corruption" and Republican "virtue;" were they to elect virtue and get—in the bargain—Republican social reaction in both foreign and domestic affairs.

For all its currently revealed aberrations—and they have been considerable, even discounting the exaggerations of the piously scandalized anti-Administration press—the Democratic Party still operates from a positive tradition of progressive social thought and action. Parts of that tradition, as I hope to show, have a recent-derelict look about them but the vitals of it are all there.

The Republicans indicate the poverty of their position by the almost pathetic eagerness with which they have seized the issue of political corruption. They have no tradition unless it be a tradition of irresponsible partisanship which reached its destructive climax a year ago when the majority of the Republican Congressmen thought they were doing the country a favor by passing a resolution of "no confidence" in Secretary Acheson on the eve of his departure for an important international assignment in Brussels.

Senator Robert Taft is badly muddled on America's role in foreign political action. And the Young Republicans of Wisconsin, to whom some of us properly looked for the repudiation of Senator Joseph McCarthy, hooted derisively last year at the few in their midst who had the courage to register anti-McCarthyism sentiments. In General Eisenhower, Senator Lodge offers only a precarious bargain. In exchange for the promised bipartisan political unity in foreign affairs under Eisenhower, we are asked to entrust our social future to a man whose own political-social philosophy remains something of an enigma unless, of course, the General wishes to stand on his rather hard-nosed remark of a few years ago that too many beer-and-hot dogs people have a taste for champagne.

Against the Tafts, the McCarthys, Cains, Jenners, MacArthurs and McCormicks, the voices of people like Wayne Morse and Margaret Chase Smith are refreshing but hardly reassuring; for these are minority voices which stand out from but do not sway majority Republicanism.

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POLITICAL unity is a precious thing. But political action which looks to the dignity of the human person, American or otherwise, is precious also. And the presence of Mr. Truman is a painful reminder of just how precious these articles are. The President, while maintaining the political humanism of the Democratic tradition, has lost that minimal working unity in Congress which a chief executive simply must have for the practical expression of his party's philosophy.

I am under no illusions. I realize that the President of the party in power controls with a fairly firm hand the convention delegates in a national election year. But we are speaking of hopes. And my principal hope for the Democratic Party — and for the country at large — is that the President will now match his undeniable political courage with political heroism and step

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down in favor of more competent successors within his ranks.

Nor do I hold Mr. Truman wholly responsible for his failure to achieve Congressional backing on critical legislation. The obstructionist coalition of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats has been partisanship of a most vindictive nature, but a partisanship which seems to have found in Mr. Truman a natural foil which it could neither have found nor enjoyed in a President of greater stature.

In criticizing Mr. Truman I shall be indicating also, I believe, the direction which the Democratic Party must take if we are to have effective executive-legislative cooperation in Washington.

In foreign affairs, the President has achieved his most enviable record. He has made momentous decisions with respect to both Europe and Asia. His action in Greece, the Berlin air-lift, the Marshall Plan, the treaty for Japan and the check of aggression in Korea; his removal of General MacArthur, and his Point Four plan. These are a realistic recognition of the role the United States must play in a world in which nations are groping for political, economic and juridical unity while other countries, underdeveloped and exploited for centuries, are struggling in a twin movement for national self-expression.

I look for a continuation of this foreign policy under a Democratic Administration, with perhaps a more forthright and concrete expression of it in matters involving countries like Iran, Iraq, Egypt and India. The United States must be patient with the impatience of these peoples, understanding in their history the cause of their present impetuousity, and help them cast off, in the interest of justice, the last vestiges of their abject colonial status.

At this critical juncture in world history, the Democratic Party must make a sincere attempt to lift foreign policy out of the arena of partisan politics. With the exception of the late Senator Vandenberg and John Foster Dulles, Mr. Truman has done little to give the Republican Party a real voice in the formulation and execution of American foreign policy. And yet this would seem to be one of the shortest routes, if not to a continuous unity on foreign issues, at least to a loyal and intelligent, because informed, Republican opposition. A genuinely collaborative foreign policy would spare us from the disgraceful Congressional attacks on the Secretary of State, since the Republicans would share his insight into the burdens of his office and the complexity of the international scene.

IN THE field of domestic social legislation, I look forward to more than a continuation of the Democratic progressive tradition; I look forward to its rejuvenation. Mr. Truman has not made the mistake of some who think that a nation in a time of international tension must declare a moratorium on needed internal social legislation and direct its energies exclusively to meeting external threats to its security. With dogged regularity the President reminds us, and Congress, of such unsolved problems as public health, public housing, discriminatory employment practices, farm and labor law, and untapped natural power resources.

But in seeking legislative action to meet the problems, he has pursued a curiously desultory course. We have been given to understand that Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota has accomplished a considerable amount of behind-the-scenes spadework in this respect, a matter which can be verified only in concrete results of which there has been little or none since 1948.

There is a growing suspicion—notably in labor circles—that Mr. Truman has been pushing his Fair Deal program just hard enough to win the support of Northern urban Democrats and independent liberals but not so hard that he will alienate completely the conservative elements of the party. Whether the President is guilty of such crafty politicking is debatable. I cannot forget how he jeopardized his election in 1948 at the Philadelphia convention by insisting on the civil rights plank in the Democratic platform, insisting on it in the face of a Republicanism which had the taste of victory in its mouth, in face of a rebellious South and with the Wallace wing splintering off in the North.

In this respect, Mr. Truman, I believe, is suffering from technical, not moral disabilities. Again, his inability to command even occasional unified backing in Congress is indicated. But more. An inept methodology is involved. Admittedly, this calls for remedies. I claim no special remedies or recipes.

But it seems to me that two elemental facts of progressive social legislation, both concerned with its psychological implications, have apparently escaped President Truman. The first is that the socially equitable ideal, though desirable, is much too strong, and, I may add, much too strange, for a considerable number of people on whom the President must rely for its legislative enactment. Here, a piecemeal approach recommends itself, and there need be no thought that ultimate objectives or ideals will be compromised.



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While a national, mandatory and punitive Fair Employment Practice law, for example, may be required eventually, the most realistic way to arrive at the ideal or even perhaps to obviate its necessity, I should imagine, would be to work for a voluntary non-punitive FEPC.

The second fact of social legislation is that its essence must be explained to the American people. The Democratic Administration must make clear in a popular way that such law has both social and personalist implications; that the common good subsumes the personal good; that the State is an instrument of the people; and that the government will intervene only when private citizens and groups are either unable or unwilling to serve the common good, allowing at all times the control of their lives to remain as far as possible in the hands of the people. I recognize these are not simple concepts to communicate, but I have observed very little effort on the part of the Democrats to communicate them. And failure here will continue to result in the sacrifice of the support of large numbers of people, well-meaning people who gradually succumb to the daily barrage of their press, for whom anything social is thereby "Socialistic."

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FINALLY, I look forward to the elevation of public office to the dignity and honor which its nature demands. A President cannot be held responsible for the moral vagaries of every man in his Administration. But it is difficult to imagine men like Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, or Governor Warren of California or Senator Fulbright of Arkansas attracting associates like General Harry Vaughn, T. Lamar Caudle or Donald Dawson. The two types are just incompatible and it is the first type which the Democrats must offer and can offer, since they have an ample supply.

The salaries of public office must be commensurate, however, with its dignity and honor. And I expect the Democratic Administration to expose the hypocrisy of those who are outraged by bribed officials placed in $5,000-a-year positions in which they deal with private citizens and firms in sums totaling millions of dollars. Public honesty cannot, of course, be bought at any price, but temptations to dishonesty can be diminished by paying a government official a salary which tells him his worth is recognized.

Party Democrats, I know, consider anti-Trumanism as rank heresy if not political suicide; for Mr. Truman did win in 1948, did he not, when everyone predicted his downfall? Mr. Truman did win in 1948, but others won also that year, and much more handily. I am thinking of people like Senator Douglas and Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, for example, two Democrats of considerably more legislative and administrative acumen than the President. In 1948, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Stevenson rolled up pluralities of three to five hundred thousand in Illinois, a state which the President won by the narrow margin of 33,000 votes.

The moral of the lesson is clear. A candidate who is both popular and able is preferable to the candidate who is merely popular. Party propagandists, moreover, are adept at "making" popularity, an art which they could well employ for any competent Presidential nominee.

The future must be Democratic, but whether it will be so depends to a great extent upon what the Democrats and Mr. Truman do in the next six months. I await the coming half year with interest and hope.

FROM FRANCE

# *The Martyrdom of Edith Stein*

A BIOGRAPHY recently published in Nuremberg, the work of a Carmelite from Cologne, has now made the life of Edith Stein better known. She was a disciple of the German philosopher Husserl, became a Carmelite, was arrested by the Nazis and died in exile in 1942.

She was a remarkable person. By her gifts and the vigor of her intelligence she makes us think of that other modern intellectual, Simone Weil, who reached the threshold of conversion but hesitated to take the final step separating her from the Church of Christ. Once she had entered the convent, Edith Stein sacrificed none of her intellectual gifts, as her writings well show. But like many souls in our time she thirsted for something else than intelligence. What she sought was that commitment of her whole being which only a full-fledged life as a religious could provide.

That life as a Carmelite and her final martyrdom made her, I say without hesitation, a pure and exemplary image of what modern sanctity can be.

Born in 1891 of a Jewish family in Breslau, Edith Stein manifested remarkable intelligence from her youngest days. After she had brilliantly completed studies at the universities of Berlin and Goettingen she became an assistant to Husserl at the age of twenty-nine and then a doctor of philosophy.

Although brought up by her mother in the Jewish



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faith, and in accord with austere religious principles, Edith soon lost her faith. She went to the synagogue only on family occasions. Later she wrote that during this period her search for the truth took the place of prayer and religion.

One day when she was twenty she was visiting a friend and came by chance upon the autobiography of Thérèse of Lisieux. She read the book straight through. She read it and she believed. "This is the truth," she said, closing the book. A few months after that she was baptized—adding to her name that of Thérèse.

In spite of her ardent desire for a religious and contemplative life she willingly accepted the advice of her director and became a teacher in a small town in Western Germany, at Speyer, for the Dominicans.

"In the period which immediately preceded and followed my conversion," she was to write in 1928, "I wanted to lead the religious life, that is to say to put aside the things of the world in order to devote myself solely to the things of God. Nevertheless I came to understand little by little that something else is demanded of us in this world and that even in a contemplative life all links with the outside world must not be severed."

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SHE resumed her studies, for Saint Thomas seemed to indicate to her that it is possible to put knowledge in the service of God. But her mind was divided between Thomist philosophy and the phenomonology of Husserl. She immediately sought to resolve the contradictions between them in a brochure called "Of the Phenomonology of Husserl and the Philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas."

In the preface for a later, more developed study of the same problem, here is what she said of this attempt: "The author of this book should, at an age at which people normally begin to teach, have begun to recast her thought. She belonged to the school of Husserl and, formed by his method, had already published several works on phenomenology in the framework of the master's own works. Her name began to be known in intellectual circles at a time when, having ceased all philosophical research, she was far from thinking of public renown. . . .

"She was in fact finding her way toward Christ and His Church and her only concern was to draw the practical conclusions of her faith for her life. Therefore, in order to know the foundations of Catholic thought better, she undertook a translation of the writings of Saint Thomas, and this work prevented her henceforth from making a pure and simple return to her former system of thought. . . .

"To be sure Saint Thomas found in her a pupil full of respect and open to his teaching, but her mind was no longer a *tabula rasa,* having been strongly influenced by its past formation. She therefore felt the need of attempting an analysis of the two philosophical worlds which confronted each other in her mind. . . .

"When the author had entered the discalced Carmelites at Cologne, she received at the end of her novitiate an order from superiors to continue her work. Her initial idea was changed and the question posed by her work became that of Being. In the light of this question she attempted an objective exposition of both the phenomenologist and Thomist positions. . . .

"She did not pose the problem of this encounter for herself alone. The search for the meaning of Being and the attempt to fuse the medieval conception with the living thought of our contemporaries are dominant tendencies in modern philosophy which deeply concern many individuals in our time. That is why the author believed that this work, however incomplete, might lead to further research."

Her profound and admirably ordered intelligence (before she entered the Carmelites) won her great renown among the German Catholic intelligentsia. From all sides she was asked to talk on the teaching of Saint Thomas or on the role of woman in the modern world. But she was more and more attracted to the contempative life and the overpowering need for prayer (after her conversion she said the entire Divine Office every day). She therefore also took part in the great German liturgical movement centered around the Benedictine Abbey of Beuron.

When certain adherents of the movement, taking an exaggerated stand, were tempted to consider liturgical prayer as the only valid prayer in the Church, she rightfully pointed out: "Every true prayer is a prayer of the Church, every prayer goes forth in the Church, and it is the Church that prays, since the Holy Ghost Himself speaks through every soul at prayer, in unutterable murmurs. (Romans: VIII, 26). Every form of prayer is therefore authentic since no one can say Lord Jesus without the Holy Ghost. What therefore is the prayer of the Church if not the gift of great love, of God Who is Love? The total and loving return of the self to God, the divine gift which God makes in return, the total and lasting union, such is the highest movement of the heart that is possible for us, the most elevated degree of prayer. Persons who attain that are truly the heart of the Church. . . ."

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IT WAS in 1933 that Germany, yielding to her worst demons, embarked on the way of Nazism. Anti-Semitic persecutions began. Soon Edith Stein was forbidden to teach any more. She was weighed down by the catastrophes being thrust upon her people. From that moment she accepted in her prayer the cross which the Lord would send her one day, for the salvation of Israel.

Although she had lived for eight years with the Dominicans at Speyer and was well known to the Benedictines at Beuron, it was to the Carmelites that she directed her steps on the 15th of October, 1933. She chose the extreme form of religious life, that of nuns separated from the world. Not to flee the world and its sufferings —true contemplatives are more fully present in the world than people in the world themselves—but to participate more fully in the work of the Redemption.



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To religious who asked her about her vocation and feared to take her from the intellectual labors that she would scarcely have time for as a Carmelite, Edith Stein replied simply: "It is not human accomplishments which can help us but the Redemption of Christ. My desire is to participate in that."

She knew that one day or other she would have to suffer. She accepted this suffering in advance. A friend who came to see her at the Carmelite convent in Cologne when she was about to take her temporary vows said: "Her radiance and the extreme youthfulness of her appearance struck me in an unforgettable way; she seemed twenty years younger and profoundly happy. However, when I told her how overjoyed I was to know that she was protected in the shelter of a Carmelite cloister, she quickly replied: 'They will come to look for me even here, and I am not counting on being left in peace.' Henceforth she felt certain that she was to suffer for her people since her mission seemed to be to lead many souls to her Father's House. . . ."

As I said before, during the whole period that she passed at the Carmelite convent in Cologne, she did not give up her intellectual labors or her research. Sister Benedict—her religious name—was relieved of all duties in the house in order to be able to use her free time for writing. Despite that, in conformity with the rules of the Order, she could never work for more than two hours at a stretch. She admitted, even as she joyfully submitted to the rule, that this was a great penance for her. In addition to her essay on Being, she also wrote short lives of Carmelite saints and spiritual essays devoted especially to Saint John of the Cross.

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THE anti-Jewish persecutions continued to grow in Germany, and Sister Benedict grew afraid that she might prove a source of trouble for her community. When the community voted in April, 1938, the examiners noticed that she did not take part and that she listed herself as a non-Aryan. She begged her Superior to send her to some Carmelite convent abroad. The Superior finally agreed, and early in 1939 Sister Benedict and her sister were received into the Carmelite Convent at Echt in Holland.

During her three years there, before her arrest, she produced her new book, *Kreuzeswissenschaft* (The Knowledge of the Cross). With the outbreak of the war in Europe in September, 1939, Sister Benedict realized that the peril was increasing. She prepared for it courageously, with great calm.

"It is good for us to remember, these days," she wrote to another Carmelite, "that our poverty consists in being willing even to leave our beloved cloister. We, to be sure, have committed ourselves to remain cloistered, but God for His part has made no promise to leave us always within our walls. He has no need of them for He has other walls with which to protect us."

In the summer of 1942 her community tried to send her to Switzerland on the pretext of reasons of health; the move was not completed in time.

At the end of July the Dutch bishops protested publicly in a pastoral letter against the arbitrary measures of the occupying authorities and the mass deportations of Jewish families. Reprisals were not long in coming; Gauleiter Schmidt gave the order to seize the non-Aryan members of all religious communities.

On August 2 Sister Benedict and her sister were arrested. They calmly bade the members of their community farewell. A few days later emissaries from the community were able to bring a few packages to the temporary camp in Holland where the nuns were waiting to be deported. They found both prisoners very serene, living in peace and recollection: "I am ready for whatever may happen; Jesus is also here among us," said Sister Benedict at the end of the interview.

Among the 1,200 Catholic Jews confined at Westerbork, 1,000 were shipped toward the East that very night. Edith was in the very first group. According to documents of the Canadian Red Cross, she was sent to Auschwitz and executed in the gas chambers August 10, 1942.

That Edith Stein had long consented to offer her life for the salvation of humanity is clear, and finds expression most notably in a letter she wrote to her prioress on Passion Sunday, March 26, 1939, a few months before the outbreak of hostilities. She wanted, she said, to offer her life as a sacrifice for true peace. "May the reign of anti-Christ be confounded and may order be established if possible without a new world war. I should like to offer myself this evening for it is the twelfth hour; I know that I am nothing but Jesus wills it and He will no doubt demand this same gift of many other souls."

In a leaflet published in 1947 telling of Edith Stein's disappearance the Carmelite convent of Cologne declared: "We shall no longer seek her here on earth, but at the feet of God, Who accepted her sacrifice and bestowed its fruits on the people for whom she prayed, suffered and died."

ROBERT BARRAT.

# The Stage

## PAL JOEY

TIME has done no damage at all to the book which John O'Hara fashioned for "Pal Joey" or to the light-hearted and mocking score which Rodgers and Hart wrapped around it. "Pal Joey" was quite a novelty when George Abbott first produced it twelve years ago—a musical comedy in which the principal figures were viewed caustically, and in which even the melodies had an edge of contempt—and it is novel still. No one since has quite had the courage, or the special inspiration, to turn the musical stage to such bilious purposes, to set it singing and dancing about thoroughly hard-boiled, completely unsentimentalized, people. And no one since has produced a musical with the bite, the saltiness, and the rugged honesty of this one.



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Rodgers, Hart, and O'Hara wrote their saga of a cheap, self-seeking cabaret performer straight from the shoulder, and, with a single possible exception, it is being played that way at the Broadhurst. My one qualification about the show has to do with the casting of Harold Lang in the title part, and even this does not represent so much a concession to popular taste as, I suppose, genuine despair on the part of the management. Joey is an all but impossible role to cast; it calls for a triple-threat man who can dance, sing, and—if the show is to realize its most distinctive virtue—act. Lang has always been a fine dancer, and he has become a passable singer; but his acting talents are of the acquired kind, learned rather than felt, and he cannot really do much more than mark in the top layer of O'Hara's dimensionally conceived heel. Because his own personality is an ingratiating one, he must labor to point up Joey's deficiencies; what we get is the studied echo of something observed rather than the easy revelation of something intrinsic.

Vivienne Segal, as the matronly sophisticate who picks up Joey, plays him on a long line, and lets him go in the nick of time, does it the other way round. She never has to force an attitude because she has frozen her soul to begin with, and she can relax into a surface poise and charm which conveys perfectly the paralyzed morals and rich *savoir faire* O'Hara had in mind. Miss Segal plays a knowing woman knowingly, and the show is hers, hands down. Helen Gallagher is fine, too, as a bumptious, brassy and thoroughly unreliable lady of the chorus; Lionel Stander is chilling as a cheery blackmailer; Elaine Stritch is suitably blood-curdling as a reporter who has seen all the Joeys come and go; and Pat Northrop makes nice contrast to a company of scavengers.

The musical numbers have been staged at breakneck speed, and with fine satirical style, by Robert Alton. The most emphatically successful are "That Terrific Rainbow," a dance parody in which Helen Gallagher is incredibly funny, and "Zip," another parody in which Elaine Stritch examines the private musings of a strip-tease artist. The other songs are wonderful, too—"Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," of course, and "I Could Write a Book" and "Take Him" being especially memorable. One and all, they have the jaunty sarcasm of the book, and I doubt that any composer and lyricist ever paid more attention to the meaning and the merits of a story-line than Rodgers and Hart did in this instance. (*At the Broadhurst*)

## ANNA CHRISTIE

THOUGH Eugene O'Neill does not rank this quite realistic study of tenaciously held human attitudes as one of his better plays, it has a greater fascination for audiences than many of his more ambitious essays, and it is easy to see why. There is little that is pretentious in it; and the people who get themselves at cross-purposes are relatively free of the symbolism which has overburdened, and muddied up, much of O'Neill's other work.

Anna is a prostitute who feels that she has never had a clean crack at life, and that she is entitled to one; Matt, the ship's stoker who falls in love with her, is a soft-headed idealist who cannot bring himself to forgive in a woman the sins he has himself committed; and old Chris, Anna's father, is a man shut up in his private hatred of the sea, unable to understand any human failing except with reference to his personal bogey. O'Neill threw these three fighters at one another with a sound sense of theatrical value and the excitement of the open clash of strongly differentiated personalities. It still has a strongly human ring to it.

The company at City Center has not got the best out of it, though. O'Neill always rewards us for his slow-moving and moody exposition by writing the top scenes at white heat. Celeste Holm, Art Smith, and Kevin McCarthy make the expository passages the most interesting, principally because they can play them quietly; come time for the passion, and the dramatic explosion we have been waiting for, they knuckle under and—with the exception of Mr. McCarthy—continue to play quietly. There are hopeful little flareups here and there, but the performers have not, individually or collectively, got a firm enough grasp on the peculiar and unshakeable intensity of these rugged, stubborn independents, and their climactic battles come to seem formless, repetitious, and sometimes funnier than O'Neill meant them to be.

City Center has this time come up with some handsome scenery—the work of Emeline Roche—and, for the first time in my acquaintance with the playhouse, satisfactory stage lighting. The organization is clearly trying to professionalize its production work, and in this respect "Anna Christie" is a notable step forward. (*At City Center*)

WALTER KERR.

# The Screen

## INCLUDING THE AIR, TOO

IT IS fitting (and was no doubt inevitable) that cinema's greatest showman should hook up with the world's greatest circus and make a movie called *"The Greatest Show on Earth."* Producer-director Cecil B. DeMille has been turning out movies practically ever since the industry started, and while these films seldom won huzzahs from the critics, almost all of them went over with a bang at the box office.

Even DeMille's most severe criticizers have had to admit that his pictures are hardly ever dull and if they don't advance cinema artistically they do have a spectacular flair that holds an audience's interest. The critics looked down their arty noses at the lush extravagances of his last film, but "Samson and Delilah" has already pushed its way into being one of the biggest box-office hits of all time; and Mr. DeMille modestly admits that its thirteen-million-dollar gross to date is only a beginning. So naturally movie-goers are looking forward with anticipation to the new DeMille opus, which was made



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with the cooperation of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus—a combination of names that spells showmanship all over the place.

No one will really be disappointed. You come to a circus expecting excitement, tinsel, noise, rhythm, fun and moments of great beauty. DeMille's circus gives you the works—including a plot full of hokum and highly charged melodrama that may make you laugh occasionally at the wrong times, but this story, complete with daredevil stunts, accidents, personality clashes and a terrific train wreck somehow fits the whole atmosphere of this handsomely Technicolored carnival. Mr. DeMille has respect for his subject; he gives us plenty of scenes showing the complicated mechanics of running a circus: moving its people and animals, putting up the big top and keeping the show going at a *profit,* which is after all necessary—as with movies if they are to survive.

DeMille's well-paced show runs as smoothly as a three-ring circus, and like most circuses there's too much of everything—including repetitious shots of the audience—although some of them are very amusing. Even the plot is overcrowded, but it's well handled by a good cast backed up by many members of the real circus.

Among the leads are Charlton Heston as the hard-boiled circus manager who has too much sawdust in his veins to be interested in the many women interested in him, Betty Hutton as a trapeze girl who is one of the many interested in Charlton but whose ardor cools when he takes her out of the center ring, Cornel Wilde as the star aerialist who "may be a god in the air but he's a devil on the ground" especially with the ladies, Dorothy Lamour as one of those iron-jaw girls who hang by their teeth, James Stewart as a clown (whom we never see out of make-up: a plot device that adds to the suspense but seems a little silly on second thought—and unsanitary too), Gloria Grahame as the elephant girl whose pretty face under an elephant's foot in one phrenetic scene will make your blood pressure rise, Lyle Bettger as the jealous elephant trainer who places Gloria in this precarious position and then later with Lawrence Tierney is responsible for the big train wreck.

Actually, DeMille himself must have had difficulty in keeping his cast and all the tag ends of plot straight. But afterward it isn't so much the story you'll remember as the glamor of the whole show—Miles White's circus costumes, the gay color, the parades, the popcorn, the sawdust, the wonderful trapeze stunts (which would have given DeMille the right to extend the film's title to the air too) and the pervading sense of danger and thrill that runs from beginning to end of the picture. Ladies and gentlemen: the greatest show on earth.

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IF EVER a movie aimed to frustrate the critics, it is *"It's a Big Country,"* a flag-waving picture consisting of eight unconnected episodes which add up to say that America is a big, wonderful country peopled with many different types and nationalities who are all American. But before the critic even gets a chance to scream chauvinism, the picture's introduction admits it has a message; and the message is: Hurrah for America! So just settle back and enjoy these eight samples of present-day Americana, each one of which has its own starry cast, writers and directors.

Obviously the episodes aren't of equal interest or entertainment value. My favorite is the one in which Ethel Barrymore as an Irish biddy in Boston objects to the fact that the census-taker missed her; her problem is effectively worked out by George Murphy as the managing editor of a local paper. I also liked the little story in which S. Z. Sakall plays a Hungarian immigrant with several marriageable daughters and the problem of finding Hungarian-Americans for them, and the tale about the Italian-American papa (Frederic March) who disapproves of his son's wearing glasses, and the slight but moving episode about the very young and very American-from-way-back minister (Van Johnson) who is assigned to the church attended by the President in the summer of 1944.

"It's a Big Country" doesn't attempt to show the America covered by Steinbeck or Sinclair or Dreiser—or even by Sherwood Anderson, Frost or Cather; but it's a nice, big, sentimental American grab-bag with only a brighter side of the melting pot showing.

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THE English have sent over a good picture of which they might well be proud. Handsomely filmed at Rugby, with costumes and sets much as they were in the 1830s, *"Tom Brown's School Days"* retells the famous Thomas Hughes story and is thoroughly steeped in the idealism that has so often helped England muddle through.

You will remember that the novel tells how fagging and many other evils of the English public school system were alleviated during the headmastership of Doctor Arnold, who firmly believed that good would eventually conquer bad. Under the direction of Gordon Perry the cast is excellent throughout—with John Howard Davies as Tom, John Charlesworth as East, Robert Newton as Doctor Arnold and a fine group of supporting players all down the line. If you're very sensitive, you may find the fighting and hazing a little hard to take, especially when some of the scenes go in for a tough brand of all-inclusive realism. But Noel Langley's script has caught the spirit of the Hughes book and most of the adventures of these plucky young uns are fascinating to watch.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.



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# The Bookies

By JOE DEVER

THE Feds have finally beaten the bookies to cover. It's probably a very good thing for the moral health of the nation. But one can't help feeling a little nostalgic about some of the color and humor that have been washed out of American city life with their passing.

The first time I met a real bookie was in Chicago. It was, in fact, an accidental meeting. I had noticed a pants pressing shop on the fourth floor of the office building in which I worked. So I took my extra trousers up there one morning.

Behind the counter stood a prosperous-looking middle-aged man, smoking an unwieldy cigar. He wore handsome blue suspenders, gray sharkskin trousers, a pink tab shirt and a flowered silk tie. There was an ironing board behind him, bearing on its surface a big battleship-like flatiron. Alongside the ironing board an old-fashioned Singer completed the setting.

"Can I have these cleaned and pressed in a hurry?" I asked.

The "tailor" took the cigar out of his mouth and looked oddly at me.

"We're going out of business," he said.

The door opened and a man in a trench coat came in. He looked at the "tailor," then at me. The "tailor" angled his head toward the backroom and "trenchcoat" disappeared.

"Well, thanks anyway," I said, wrapping my spare trousers foolishly around my arms.

"S'all right," he said, following me out with two hard, clear, suspicious blue eyes.

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MY next and more extensive contact with a bookie was during the past summer right here at the defense plant where I am now employed. A fellow on the fifth floor named Collins first gave me the awareness.

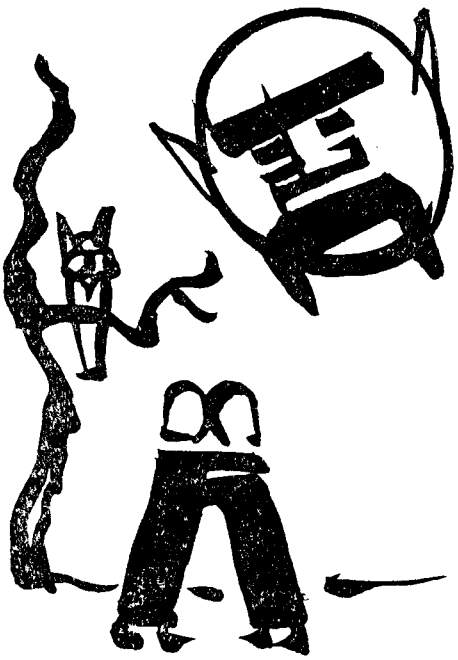
I stood next to him in the freight elevator several mornings before we spoke. Collins has a very breezy air about him which invites conversation.

He must be close to sixty but his sporty dress, white, even store teeth and general ebullience sustain the illusion that modern man is forty for a very long time.

His considerable interest in the horses must be part of some youth preservation formula. He would stand in the elevator reading the racing form and making asides to the operator and anyone else who would listen.

*"Gold Boots* is knocking on the door," he said one sweet June morning, leaning confidentially toward me. *"Gold Boots?"*

Mr. Dever is a Boston short-story writer and novelist.

**Do You Remember This Picture?**

It appeared in the September, 1951, Trumpet and represents the better feeling towards each other of Catholics and Lutherans who have both "seen a face so much more horrifying than either ever thought the other's was." The book it introduced was

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"What do Roman Catholics mean by this sort of thing?"—*Presbyterian Outlook*

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The February TRUMPET will contain more about this book and descriptions of all the books we are publishing this Spring. Lucy MacGill will send it to you free and postpaid—just let her know you want it.

**SHEED & WARD NEW YORK 3**




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"Fourth at Suffolk," Collins said, giving me a patient smile.

I stepped off at the third floor with other things on my mind.

The next morning Collins entered the waiting elevator again with a hearty good day.

"Good morning," I answered.

Silence as we waited. I could see a fresh racing form jutting out of his jacket pocket.

"How did *Gold Boots* make out?" I asked him.

Collins' face became luminous at the question.

"The bizness!" he said, leaning and making a circle with the thumb and index finger of his right hand.

"The business?"

"Eighteen-forty on top," he said.

"Is that so," I said with an involuntary flicker of interest. "Who do you like today?"

He puckered his lips wisely. He wasn't telling—then. I had been too casual. He was like a babe on the make who has kindled a little interest and then gone coy. As I left the elevator he spoke.

"See me at the coke machine about one," he said. "I may have something for you."

I smiled and went on. One o'clock. That would be during the last half of the lunch hour. I usually took a walk about that time. There was a lovely old mill-race winding around the back of the plant. You could go out there, lie on the bank and get close to your favorite sublimation.

But at lunch who should be sitting nearby?

"What's hot?" Collins asked as I hovered over the corn chowder.

I found his question flattering. That I should know what was hot, say, at Suffolk Downs, seemed like a tribute.

"I don't know," I said. "What *is* hot?"

"I've got him," Collins said, "I've got the one."

"Yeh?"

"*Theatre Pass* in the 7th. Get your beans on him."

I didn't know what to say. The mystical power of money was beginning to break down my defenses. You can say what you want to about the vanity of horse playing but just the day before, Collins had won $18.40 for whispering two words: "Gold Boots."

All you had to do that day was say: "Theatre Pass" and maybe you'd get the "bizness."

"I might risk a small bet," I said.

"Get the beans up," Collins said, "or you'll be sorr-ee!"

"How do I do it?"

"You can give it to me or the fat man," Collins said.

If I was going to bet a dollar or two, I thought I'd better give it to the bookie directly. "Where's the fat man?" I asked.

"I'll take you over after lunch," Collins said.

So we went to see the fat man.

★

HE was more cherubic than fat. He had a scrubbed, shiny face like a pushcart apple. He sat on a stool in a cage-like enclosure watching electrical impulses shoot across a glass screen. He sat there placid as a pond, watching the spermlike impulses and occasionally noting them on a set of blueprints.

He acknowledged our entrance with a sideways glance, very tenuous. We had created hardly a ripple in the curious air of his concentration.

Collins closed the screen door behind us. Obviously the screening was so arranged that one could see out but not see in.

"You got the bizness?" Collins asked. Everything was the "bizness" with Collins—money, racing forms, perhaps women.

The fat man reacted slowly. His pudgy, baby-like hand wandered under the blueprints and slipped out the Green Sheet which listed the late scratches at Suffolk Downs and other major tracks throughout the country.

"This is Dever from the third floor," Collins said. "He may throw you some beans now and then."

That was the time he should have used the term "bizness," I thought.

The fat man gave me the barest acknowledgment. But his eyes were off the electrical screen now. They were lowered toward the Green Sheet, almost languidly. Pencil in hand, he was in a perfectly legitimate working position. If the foreman walked in, the Sheet could go back under the blueprints and the burden of explanation would be upon us.

Collins began to parry, giving the meeting a delicious hint of intrigue.

"Who do you like?" he asked softly, leaning over the Sheet.

The fat man was slow to answer. Then, indifferently, "*Mesmer* might do it in the second."

"He won't pay anything. He's a stick-out," Collins said.

The fat man nodded faintly. "Who do *you* like?"

"I don't know," Collins said cooly, "how's *Theatre Pass* been working?"

The fat man showed a little electrical impulse in his nose. "Works well in the soup," he said.

"He can do it any time," Collins said.

"Money talks," the fat man said.

"2-1-0," Collins said.

The fat man fished a pad out of his shirt pocket and recorded the bet: "7th, Suffolk, *Theatre Pass,* 2-1-0."

Collins got the "beans" up.

"Okay, kid, he's all yours," Collins said. "Get 'em up."

"I just want to bet two dollars," I said, "1-1-0, same horse."

Collins seemed disappointed that I had not bet heavier. He summoned up a mask of disgust which made me feel like a piker. After all, he had only bet a dollar more than I. But he got me with all this big-time gambler pose.

"I wish I'd brought more money," I said as I stepped off the elevator.

Collins puckered his lips knowingly and said: "You gotta get the beans up."

"When will we know?" I asked, hesitantly.

"I'll give you a buzz about four," Collins said with



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a poker face which made one think he'd been in touch with the Kremlin.

★

ABOUT four, I did a little work on the stockroom inventory. I dozed a little. I called my wife twice, drank two cokes and smoked half a pack of cigarettes.

At four the phone zitted.

"Hello," a soft, careful voice said. "This is Oatis."

"Oatis?"

"Yes, the fellow down in the cage," he said. "Collins is here."

It all sounded so mysterious. I wondered if the plant police were also there.

"Collins?" I said, waiting for a lead.

"Yeh, just a minute."

"Hello, hello, Dever," Collins said. "You got an outside line?"

I said I had one.

"Would you call the Arm-ee about the seventh? The code word is West."

"Say that again," I said.

"The Arm-ee," Collins repeated petulantly, "the Armstrong Green Sheet office. Seventh race, Suffolk, code word, West.

"Okay," I said, "what's the phone number?"

He gave me the phone number and I promised to call back.

So I phoned the "Arm-ee," hoping for those two little words: "Theatre Pass."

A lady answered the phone.

"Code word West," I said, "Seventh Suffolk."

She gave me the results in code: "Two . . . five . . . six," she said. "You want the prices?"

"Yes, give me the prices."

"12.80—8.00—3.40. 8.00—3.50—8.00—3.50."

"Thanks a lot."

I called Collins back and gave him the code numbers and prices. You have to have the Green Sheet to identify the horses.

"How'd we do?" I asked, feeling a little stir in my kidneys.

"In the middle," Collins said. "You made yourself a deuce."

"Let me think," I said, figuring mentally. "That's right—four dollars. I get half the middle money, don't I?"

"You're in," Collins said.

"Thanks a million," I found myself saying as I hung up.

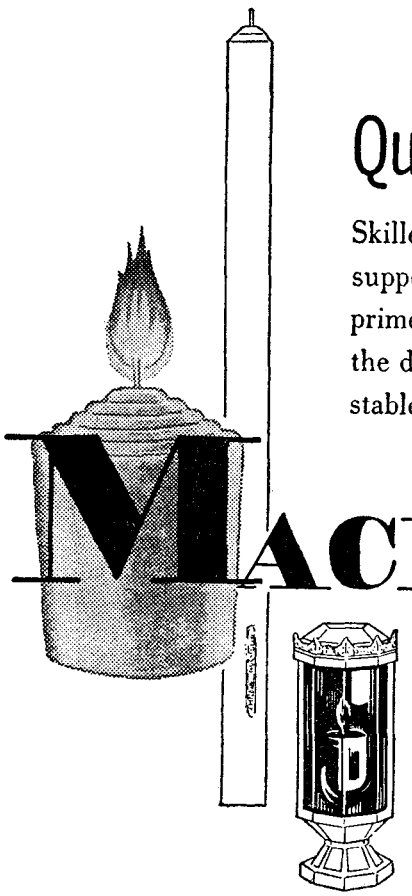
The next morning I restrained myself until ten and then sauntered down to see the fat man.

The cage was locked.

I asked one of the expediters if Oatis was around.

"He won't be in until tomorrow," a thin man with a moustache told me.

"Okay, thanks," I said, trying to hide my disappointment. It wasn't so much the money, I told myself, it was the lack of fulfillment.

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# Books

*The Catherine Wheel. Jean Stafford. Harcourt, Brace. $3.*

JEAN STAFFORD'S formidable talent is engaged here with material of exceptional resistance and difficulty. *The Catherine Wheel*—her third and perhaps most complex novel—is supported by few of those subsidiary virtues which gave vitality and idiosyncrasy to her earlier work; for all the elaborate rendition of locale and *décor,* it never really aims—as did *Boston Adventure*—at a systematic investigation of the social fact, nor does it attempt to frame a specialized personal crisis with the masterly precision of *The Mountain Lion.* Its scope is defined by intentions at once more limited and ambitious than these: Miss Stafford has sought to convey, through two subtly interwoven though distinct narratives, a vision of emotional anarchy assaulting a world of "traditional sanctity and loveliness"—a vision in which the individual disaster is simultaneously symptom and result of the larger social decline.

The novel derives moral substance as well as its title from a meditation in Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral:*

> Man's life is a cheat and a disappointment;
> All things are unreal . . .
> The catherine wheel, the pantomime cat,
> The prizes given at the children's party . . .
> All things become less real, man passes
> From unreality to unreality.

The burden of this insight is committed by Miss Stafford to her two protagonists: the boy Andrew Shipley, on the threshold of adolescence, and already tasting, in the guise of a betrayed friendship, the first bitter gall of human inconstancy; and his cousin Katharine Congreve, middle-aged and impeccable, a still center of peace in the adult world of treachery and indifference to which Andrew is slowly moving. The country is Maine, and the time summer—a season which brings to full circle two private tragedies involving love and obsession, renunciation and accidental violence.

The fracture between these two recording consciousnesses provides *The Catherine Wheel* with its slim measure of action and dramatic complication. The woman Katharine commands our attention immediately, for young Shipley, though vividly seen and drawn with telling detail, is not really capable of sustaining a novel of these dimensions. But Katharine is cut of another cloth. Like a figure out of Yeats, she stands at the center of this lovely pastoral tapestry, committed to a kind of will-to-order in a time when anarchy is loosed upon the world, and the will itself has become dissolute and perverse. Her value in the novel is symbolic as well as actual, for the disaster which ultimately overtakes her (and in which, of course, she is not wholly blameless) violates not only Katharine Congreve, but also the sacred past—built and nurtured by

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# En Una Noche Oscura

ONCE in the dark of night,
My longings caught and raging in love's ray
(O windfall of delight!)
I slipped unseen away
As all my hall in a deep slumber lay.

Secure, in more than night,
Close hid and up the stair a secret way
(O windfall of delight!)
In the night, in strange array,
As all my hall in a deep slumber lay.

There in the lucky dark,
Leaving in secrecy, by none espied;
Nothing for eyes to mark,
No other torch, no guide
But in my heart: that fire would not subside.

That led me on—
That dazzle truer than high noon is true
To where there waited one
I knew—how well I knew!—
In a place where no one was in view.

O dark of night, my guide!
O sweeter than anything sunrise can discover!
O night, drawing side to side
The loved and Lover,
The loved one wholly ensouling in the Lover.

There in my festive breast
Walled for his pleasure-garden, his alone,
The Lover remained at rest
And I gave all I own,
Gave all, in air from the cedars softly blown.

All, in wind from the wall
As my hand in his hair moved lovingly at play.
He let soft fingers fall
And I fainted dead away
Wounded: all senses in oblivion lay.

Quite out of self suspended—
My forehead on the Lover's own reclined.
And that way the world ended,
With all my cares untwined
Among the lilies falling and out of mind.

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS.
(*Translated by John Frederick Nims*)



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the hands of love—of which she is the last inheritor. And in the catherine wheel as symbol, Miss Stafford has conceived a rich and reverberating image of that world in which "things fall apart, the centre cannot hold."

Jean Stafford writes, as ever, with an eye to all the implications and resources of the language; her endowments of style, sensibility and imagination, and her rare ability to invest experience with moral value, diminish even the most distinguished of her contemporaries. Occasionally, *The Catherine Wheel* exhibits the same oppressive concern with elegance and *décor* which afflicts even the best of Edith Wharton's fiction, but granting this mutual defect, the achievements of both novelists do not seem too disparate. Like Mrs. Wharton, Miss Stafford has written a novel to compel the imagination and nurture the mind; she has also written one in which pity and terror combine to reach us in the secret, irrational places of the heart.

RICHARD HAYES.

*Fifty Years of the American Novel. Edited by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. Scribner. $3.*

IT HAS always been a thankless task to compile an anthology illustrating a thesis. If the anthology chooses to illustrate a thesis with writings of authors generally known to have the most disparate points of view, it becomes very difficult to avoid falling into a glib eclecticism. If, on the other hand, the contributors have written essays exclusively for a collection, it is impossible to avoid a constant, boring reiteration of the fundamental tenets of the thesis to be maintained. This anthology of American Catholic criticism of our novels of the last fifty years, belongs to the latter category, and the thesis it seeks to illustrate and defend is that a genuine literary criticism is only possible with reference to the deep religious and moral convictions of the critic. The anthology also highlights the healthy diversity to be found among Catholic critics and gives concrete examples. By and large, Father Gardiner's success is an indication of very good editing. There are unhackneyed essays on Wolfe, Steinbeck and Hemingway. There is a particularly perceptive essay by Anne Fremantle on Edith Wharton. And there are the inevitably glib essays that do away with talented writers efficiently, but regrettably not quickly, by pointing out their inadequacy as philosophers or theologians.

Like all anthologies, the present one cannot bear sustained reading. Even if it were composed of first-rate pieces of criticism, it could not do so. What it can do, however, is to give non-Catholics a tangible idea of what American Catholic criticism is like and to provide college libraries with what was until recently a very badly needed volume. Perhaps in the long run, it is in the colleges, Catholic and secular, that this anthology will do most good. Prejudices against modern literature or against Catholicism are usually not so ingrained during college years as to make one deliberately avoid a work of this type.

SERGE HUGHES.


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*The Peculiar War—Impressions of a Reporter in Korea. E. J. Kahn, Jr. Random House.* $2.75.

AS A soldier-reporter in World War II, E. J. Kahn, Jr., did a superb running account of the military life here and overseas for the *New Yorker.* It later appeared in book form as *The Army Life.* Even the Army, in an unusual burst of discernment, recognized its worth and distributed paper-bound copies at low rates to its own employees. To climax this historic literary event, Kahn was made a Warrant Officer (junior grade).

My reaction to this new collection of war pieces, from Korea this time, is like the one expressed by Regular Army men in 1940-42 when they saw the complexion of their tight little organization changed by the influx of millions of civilians. "This ain't the *old* Army," they used to growl in complete frustration. This ain't the *old* E. J. Kahn, Jr., either.

Perhaps it is unfair to compare this new book with the earlier success, particularly since Kahn's subject is somewhat different, his assignment in Korea lasted only three months as against several years in the other war, and he wasn't so personally involved this time. The same keen reportorial sense and gently ironic perceptiveness that made *The Army Life*—the book, that is—so attractive, are present in good measure. So are the good taste and good sense that distinguish Mr. Kahn's reporting from that of some of his more popular and more emotional brothers and sisters of the pen. He can write intelligently about war without reducing all soldiers to the blueberry pie, boo the Dodgers level, on one hand, or, on the other, demanding that they go into battle with the principles of the UN charter pasted in their helmet liners for quick reference. Three of his pieces —a report on an infantry-tank task force operation, a description of the heroic stand by the 1st Battalion, Gloucestershire Regiment at Imjin, and an interview with an American platoon sergeant—are as fine as anything to be found in war reporting of the past decade.

What disappoints me in the others is a recurring note of sophisticated archness, which requires a very special skill in writing, but only tends to obscure Kahn's highly personal style. This passage, for instance, is artfully put together, but a little too slick and detached to bring the peculiar war any closer or make it any more comprehensible: "About the only thing the prison hospital had in common with the refugee hospital, aside from the universality of pain, was that head cases requiring especially delicate surgery were referred from both places—as were similar cases among United Nations soldiers—to a specialist from Copenhagen who was based aboard a Danish hospital ship and who operated with impartial skill on damaged brains that in their sounder state had entertained all kinds of dissimilar notions about the causes and probable effects of the war."

In a modest preface, Mr. Kahn comments on the luck that allowed him to leave Korea after a three-month stay. After doing such an excellent job in that relatively short time, maybe he doesn't deserve such critical sniping. Nor should anyone


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*by*
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dare suggest that he be sent back. But he has set such high standards, and the Korean war is so badly in need of good reporting, it was difficult not to ask more of him.

PAUL V. FARRELL.

*The Beetle Leg. John Hawkes. New Directions.* $2.50.

THIS novel is a striking combination of detailed realism and overall surrealism. It is like a sweaty dream. It has something of the quality of a Cocteau film, tangible but remote.

The book pictures the effect of the death of a dam-construction worker upon the people who had been associated with him. The significance of the title is as a measure of time and of what time paces: corruption, resolution, ". . . the extinction of the snake or a dry finger widening in erosion." The beetle leg is the distance the dam is displaced by water "each several anniversaries."

The writing in this book has the density of poetry, and each sentence is elaborately packed with the concrete, the irrationally observed and rationally recorded, and, at times, the ludicrously ornate, the pretentious. That is the trouble, I think. There is no relief. Everything is posed, nothing is poised. The devices of the inverted sentence, the single-sentenced paragraph and the significantly irrelevant paragraph conclusion are overworked. But the people in the novel are curiously realized, successfully yet implausibly. They are intently described yet overwrought. This is not the reality of daily life or of people alive today. The characters exist as the creations of an unusually talented writer, but without him as unifier, arbiter, stage-setter, and explainer, they would be pretentious abstractions. I cannot conceive of them alive outside of the mind and horizon of Mr. Hawkes. They are too intellectualized to have breath, or humor, or separate significance. Like the Red Devil motorcyclists in the novel, they are destroyed when looked at from outside of Mr. Hawkes' intense, very private, world.

WILLIAM PFAFF.


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